

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, J. M. McClintic.
County Clerk, J. M. McClintic.
County Surveyor, J. M. McClintic.
County Treasurer, J. M. McClintic.
County Engineer, J. M. McClintic.
County Assessor, J. M. McClintic.
County Auditor, J. M. McClintic.
County Commissioner, J. M. McClintic.
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County Coroner, J. M. McClintic.
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County Jail, J. M. McClintic.
County Prison, J. M. McClintic.
County House of Correction, J. M. McClintic.
County Almshouse, J. M. McClintic.
County Poorhouse, J. M. McClintic.
County Workhouse, J. M. McClintic.
County Jail, J. M. McClintic.
County Prison, J. M. McClintic.
County House of Correction, J. M. McClintic.
County Almshouse, J. M. McClintic.
County Poorhouse, J. M. McClintic.
County Workhouse, J. M. McClintic.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is a day term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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PHYSICIANS' CARDS.
DR. J. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTICELLO, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WYOMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BARKING, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's. Hours: Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

The Up-to-Date Primer.

Mr. J. W. BENGOCHE has embodied in a book modeled on a child's primer the doctrine taught in Henry George's book "Progress and Poverty." The idea of these gentlemen is that a man has no more right to own land and rent it than he would have to own the air and sell people privileges so that they could breathe, or the water, or the light. He claims that the Commonwealth should own the land, and that those who use it should pay into the public till their rent, and so raise a revenue for the support of the government.

They attempt to show that the rich man is trying to push the poor man off the earth. "Ground-rent" and "Single-tax" are the terms applied to the doctrine.

Should this doctrine become the law of the country, it would be a sorry day for the lawyers.

We give a few of the sample lessons given by the Primer:

LESSON XI.

WORK	MAN	THROUGH
MAKES	GETS	DON'T
WEALTH	FAT	TOIL

But look at these two! Are they not both Men? They are. Yet one is Fat and Rich, and one is Lean and Poor! How comes this? It must be that the Fat one has a will to work, and so by his toil on the Land gets all the Good Things he needs, while the Lean one will not work and so must needs starve and go in Rags. So it would seem, my Child, but things are not as they seem. The Fat Man here does not work at all, and the Thin Man would fain work for his food, but cannot get Work to do. Is this not queer? Yes, it is queer. Why is this? For when I tell you that the Fat Man owns the Land, and lives on the Land Rent, can a Man own Land as he may own a Thing which the hand of Man may make? Yes, and that is the Law we meet Mend if we would Cure the Deep Ills we see.

LESSON XX.

MILK	RENT	JUST
KEEPS	FOR	BAKE
CALF	STATE	LAW

Oh, see the Cow, and the nice cow calf. Does the Calf call the Cow ma? Yes, and the Cow loves the Calf. The Calf lives on Milk, which it draws from the Cow. In this we see the great Law of God once more. When a Calf is born it needs Milk for Food that it may Live and Thrive, and so in each case the Cow has Milk for it. If the Milk were kept from the Calf, and it were fed on Hay and Roots, it would be like to Starve, for Milk is its right Food. Now, just as the Cow brings forth Milk for the use Calf, so does the Land bring forth a fund for the use of the State. The Milk for the State we call Ground Rent. It is a Fund from which the State could draw all it needs to serve all its Just Ends, just as the calf will Thrive on the Milk of the Cow.

LESSON XXI.

GOAT	TAKE	LIKE
OWNS	THE	LAND
COW	MILK	LOVES

But see! What is this? It is a Goat! Is it a calf? No, it is a Goat! But why is it Here, and what does it Mean to do? Just what you see it do now. The Calf is a Goat, you see, and the Goat Sticks the Cow's Milk. Goats are fond of Milk, and this Goat has quite a Snag. Is this Right? Well—yes, I guess it is for the Goat "own" the Cow, and it is a Queer Thing if he can not take the Milk, that what of the Calf? Oh, the Goat "Bought" the Cow, you know, by Leave of the Calf—which is a Host of Small Snags—and now, while the Goat takes the Milk for his own Use, the Calf has to be fed on Things that do not suit it as well as the Milk would do. Just in this way the State which is a Calf, lets Land Lords own the Land and Feed on the Rent, while it has to do the best it can to keep Life in by a Tax on Goods, and Toil, and so forth.

Some of the opinions of ancient persons of the Up-to-Date Primer.

which the author expects by the next mail, are:

I distinctly disapprove of its teachings. The words may be of only one syllable, but they hurt all the same.

J. H. R. C. P. L. R.

If the Democratic party would fairly master this work—and the land member ought to be able to read it—I believe we could carry the next Presidential Election.

G. V. R. C. L. V. L. D.

It is an able work, but it is plainly my duty to prohibit its entrance into the German Empire. It is calculated to make the people think too much.

K. S. R. W. L. L. M. II.

If I had only had access to this Primer before writing my Encyclopaedia Letter on the condition of Labor, things might have been different.

P. P. E. L. O. XII.

I like the pictures, and the type is nice and large. It is simple enough even for one who believes that the foreigner pays our Tariff taxes.

W. M. McK. N. L. Y.

Shaking Hands With the President.

It is no uncommon thing nowadays. The young girl walks across the floor of the White House and says: "Good morning, Mr. Cleveland," politely and sweetly, but with as much nonchalance as tho it were a daily occurrence.

A feeling of special reverence toward the executive head of our United States Government seems to be general. And for childhood to feel a certain sense of awe in the presence of a President with a dreamy vision of great honor in a permit to actually shake hands with a President would probably awaken a smile of incredulity at folk forth a word of astonishment.

Why is this? Our nation has surely declined in respect for office, even the highest office in the land.

The marks between the President and the led are less clearly defined than formerly. Presidents stand less on their dignity than in earlier days of the Republic, and mingling more freely with the people prove the adage that "Familiarity brings contempt."

Class-lines of people were for years after the Revolution strictly maintained, and the Presidents were chosen from families of rank and learning, when learning was not so generally diffused throughout the country. A certain reserve and personal dignity clung to these early Presidents that seemed almost a shred of royalty on American soil. Imagine Washington or Jefferson standing warily, but persistent and smiling, to shake hands with thousands of unknown people! I rather think they would have placed a valet to perform the hard and unpleasant duty, unpleasant because so intensely warlike. I wonder that the hand-nerve do not forever twitch and go on shaking imaginary palms without cessation.

Well, in my early childhood, before hand-shaking with Presidents was such an ordinary thing, and when my idea of the head of our government were correspondingly high, an unexpected chance was given me to shake hands with a "real live" President.

On this wise: My father's family resided then in New York. Vice-President Tyler had become President on the death of Harrison, who served only one month. Whether Tyler's political views were those of my father I cannot tell. Tyler was a Virginian, and my father loved his native State. The President was to pass through the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A vast multitude gathered in that clean, orderly place. Holding fast to my father's hand, I passed with wonder-eyes at the many, many people and the one man who could shake hands so often. After accounting my father, the tall, thin form of President Tyler bent towards me and kindly saying in Virginian dialect, "Howdy, little one," shook my hand too.

For a short time I stood there, and I still think it was so interior to be remembered.

A. L. F.

MISS EMMA N. WARRICK, D. D., of New York, expresses her opinion for the Reconstruction, which has been used by a teacher in the country people with beneficial effects.

A Plea For Randolph.

When we look around us and see how the giant forests are leveled to the ground, and her products enter into the different markets of this and other countries, and when this destructive work has been accomplished, and when no adequate means have been taken to replant and restore again that which has been removed, we leave a great and responsible undertaking for the future to solve. That which we have bartered, sold, and almost given away, and caused to be removed from our lands have made others rich, while the original owners received a mere trifle.

As the years go by and our forests are succumbing to the demands of commerce, the complaint of change in climatic conditions is heard, and the rain-fall distribution is uneven and irregular; crops are more endangered, but still the increasing work of timber removal goes on.

It scarcely can be doubted that an equitable climate and an ample supply of rain-fall will be found in timbered countries. Before the lumberman's axe and saw were set to work in Pocahontas, and other sections of this State, the rain-fall was more evenly distributed, and in more reasonable time, that it is at the present, and the causes are plain. That forests are conducive to the precipitation and storing-up of moisture, we can refer to the treeless Western plains. In the early settlements of Illinois, Iowa, and Eastern Kansas, and Eastern Nebraska the annual rain-fall was light, but as the Government made provisions for settlement and planting of trees under the tree culture of the land laws, this had a beneficial effect, and as the country under this new area grew older more rainfall followed, till at the present time Central Kansas and Nebraska may be assigned as the line of aridness.

Boys a writer:

"Here, within an area of a little over 2,000,000 acres, five great river systems have their sources—the Ohio, the Missouri, the Arkansas, the James, and the Potomac—with twelve primary, twelve secondary, and thirteen tributary tributaries, a total of thirty-seven more or less important waterways, and a large number of smaller ones, altogether making an aggregate of not less than 100,000 miles of head-water streams within the area."

"If the destruction of this wonderful growth of tree is not stopped by the government, millions of dollars in government improvements will not save the splendid commerce of these streams from ruin, and the millions of dollars in navigation, but they will be useless if no water comes from the source of the stream."

Would it not be well to at least give it a passing thought, and save the pine forests before they are all removed? The conditions of the country twenty years ago will not apply to the present time.

Sincerely,
W. E. HOPE.
ELKINS, W. VA., Jan. 28, 1896.

Letter from Jake McLaughlin.

To The Editor of The Times:

Your paper is a welcome visitor, and I wish it another prosperous year.

We have enjoyed a fine winter in this section, with but little cold shadow. The groundhog saw his shadow all day on the 21. He had a nice day to suit himself. I hope he has forgotten to send us six weeks of dull weather.

Times are bad. The open weather has caused all the markets to drop. Quite a lot of hams sold here for 8c. Old sheep from 3 to 3 1/2c. Hogs are worth from \$3.50 to \$3.80 per hundred. I sold seven sheep, only seven months old, that averaged 225 lbs. last week. Can anyone beat it? Wheat is worth 75c today, the market goes up and down, but this is the highest for a year; oats, 23c; corn 15 to 20c; butter, 15c to 16c; eggs, 14c.

There is not much advance in the cattle market, 3 to 4c catching the best. Feed will be plentiful.

This leaves me and my family all well, except my oldest boy. There is some grip here. The Wood Virginia friends are all well. My Mailey is quite sick.

I was sorry to hear of the death of George Gibson. I extend my sympathy to the bereaved family.

I close with kindest regards to all my friends.

JACOB McLAUGHLIN.
BARKING, W. VA., Feb. 8, 1896.

SHUN BOLTED FLOUR.

Dr. John Ellis Tells Why Americans Lose Their Teeth at an Early Age.

From The New York Recorder.

Sir: What Dr. V. C. Bell is reported to have said in *The Recorder* of November 29 every careful observer can see to be correct, and further, it is not simply the teeth of the rising generation which suffer, but also the bones, muscles, digestive organs and brain. Why is all this physical degeneration of our young people?

We have not to look far for one of the chief causes. Many of our children are half starved, and some of them starved to death.

"Starved! Why, she eats enough!" exclaimed an astonished mother, when I told her that her young daughter was starving to death. There she lay helpless upon the bed, not able to turn herself, and with some symptoms of scurvy, but in good flesh. I quietly asked the mother what she ate. She replied: "She eats toast made from the very best superfine white flour. If she eats anything else she throws it up."

I directed her mother to mix mashed potatoes with the flour from which she made her bread. She did so, and the child recovered rapidly.

Careful experiments made by Magendie and others have demonstrated that animals can only live for a few weeks if fed only on superfine white flour, whereas, they can live and thrive on unbolted flour or meal without any trouble. The Lord intended the grain as a whole for human food, and He manifestly knew what He was doing when He created our cereals. The food required to nourish the teeth, bones, muscles, stomach, to enable it to properly digest our food, and the brain, is found in excess in the dark portion of the kernel which lies immediately beneath the hull, and the miller, in bolting, separates this portion as far as he can, and most of it is fed to cattle, horses, hogs, etc., and they have good teeth, muscles, stomachs and bones even thus fed.

The white portion of the kernel from which white flour is made contains an excess of starch, principally a heat and fat producing material when taken as food, so that the whiter the flour the poorer it is. One simple fact ought to satisfy every intelligent man and woman that superfine white flour is not fit for human use, and that starvation must inevitably follow to a greater or less extent its use as food, viz., there is very little difficulty in keeping superfine white flour free from insects, must or mold, whereas it requires care and watchfulness to preserve unbolted flour and meal free from insects, must, etc. Do we want to feed our children upon a flour which will not sustain for any considerable length of time animal, insect even vegetable life?

Dispepsia is more prevalent in our country than in any other. Superfine flour does not contain the nourishment required by the stomach to enable it to digest food. The prevalence of dyspepsia in our country and England has led a number of medical writers in England and in this country of late to condemn the use of all cereals—wheat, rye, oats, etc.—as food, claiming that the starch overtaxes the stomach, and that we should use as food nothing but nuts and fruits, and if we find them not sufficient we should use a little meal or animal food, they think. But if we use the dark or coarse portion of the grain as well as the white, the stomach will be nourished, and the whole grain will be digested, and it will not cause dyspepsia.

In cases of irritable or weak stomachs from the use of superfine flour, it will be well to sift out the coarser part of the bran for a time, until the stomach gains strength. Cases of dyspepsia have been cured by simply bolting the wheat for a few hours and then eating it, chewing it carefully. Danish superfine flour and bread and cakes made from it from our land, or from use in our households, and there would be a wonderful change for the better in the development of the young, not only in their teeth, but also as to all the structures of the body. No parent who cares for the development, health and comfort of his or her children should, in my estimation, ever al-

low a single pound of superfine flour, or bread or cakes made from such flour, to enter his or her house.

Having constantly in view the development and health of our race, I have treated over our country from the east to Alaska and California in the West, and Florida in the South, over most of the countries of Europe, Egypt and Western Asia, and I can say, as a result of my observation, that wherever the people eat, instead of superfine flour, the meal or flour of the whole grain, be it wheat, rye, oats or barley, they have good teeth, and are well developed, and are rarely troubled with dyspepsia.

For more than forty years I have carefully avoided the use of superfine flour, stimulants, narcotics and condiments, excepting sugar and salt, and although my eightieth birthday passed two years ago, I rarely, if ever, fail to have a good appetite, and my food tastes as well as it did when I was a boy, and I have more than half of my teeth left.

JOHN ELLIS, M. D.

Blind Alley-Corries.

The sky was darkened by swart birds, with tufted tails, and a look in their clay-colored eyes as of millions of stifled croaks; the rain fell in grizzled sheets like the streaming hair and beard of some Titanic, and the thunder boomed over the town as if it had just discovered another epoch-making novel.

Night fell; I lit my lamp and closed the shutters, drew my curtains, so as to shut out any gleaming cats' eyes that might be peering at me through the chinks, and mixed myself a tumbler of best punch.

As I finished it, a wild piercing shriek rose from the universe, so though someone had run a pin in the Great Unknown, and a shining blue-white ball came down the chimney and burnt a hole in the yellow-green gloom of my hearth-rug.

I looked up; a strange man was sitting right in front of me. His crested hair had a blue-white gleam, like the electric light in a mountain hotel when the storm is nearly ended; it stuck out in a spiral fringe round his cheeks and chin; his mouth was prim like a pump; but his spectacles twinkled with laughter like the new ferrets on a gingham umbrella.

"I am the Shaker of Society's Pillars. I have discovered that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil bears nothing but rotten apples. There are milestones on the Terges road, but I see through most of them. I am the New Generation knocking at the old stage-door. I am also the dramatist of Social Conundrums to which there will never be any answer."

Time passes—a second or an hour. I begin to wish he would go.

"I am the great Wizard that has ennobled and purified Humanity by showing that they are all the morbid victims of a diseased heredity. The great fire in which Mrs. Solness's nine dolls were burnt. I am he who has emancipated Woman by convincing her that she has the right to be hysterical."

Again time passed—an hour or a second. I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep.

"I am he who has broken through the convention of the well-constructed drama. When we lived at Drontheim, Bruckner's grander was stolen by thieves. I am the original old, and also the child who instructs the grandmotherly critic in the art of sneaking proboscis eggs; but I, too, am a master-builder of magnificent bathos."

And again time passed—a second or an hour. I wondered whether he would come to stay the night.

"Heck! I am called 'Dramatic,' said, I am called 'impossible.'"

With that the mock crew. The stranger had flown before I had an opportunity of asking him his name or asking him to look in again some evening.

I was rather sorry, for he seemed to have a flow of agreeable small talk, though it was perhaps a little egotistic.—Punch.

Lightning Bolt Group.

What a Power House!

Very True, but it's a Little Bit Pain.

Don't Forget, Don't Forget, Don't Forget.

Without Notice, There is No Pain.

